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LOS ANGELES

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

HENRY;

OR, THE

Wanderer Reclaimed.

A

SACRED POEM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

BRITISH YOUTH.

RELIGION! Thou the Soul of Happineſs
And, groaning CALVARY, *of thee!*——

YOUNG.

Her Ways are Ways of Pleaſantneſs, and all her Paths are Peace.
Prov. iii. 17.

The Wages of Sin is Death, but the Gift of GOD is eternal Life, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD.
Rom. vi. 23.

BY MARIA DE FLEURY.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY W. JUSTINS, SHOEMAKER-ROW, BLACKFRIARS;
AND SOLD BY RICHARDSON, UNDER THE ROYAL EXCHANGE; JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; AND MATHEWS, IN THE STRAND.

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PREFACE.

HOW much ſoever peoples ſentiments may differ in moſt things, in one they are univerſally agreed, *viz.* in ſeeking after happineſs, and making that deſirable object the centre of their wiſhes. How wiſe and rational is ſuch a determination—how noble the purſuit—who would not wiſh to be happy?—it was the portion of our great forefather, Adam. Holineſs and happineſs were the two glorious gifts which his Maker beſtowed upon him in the day of his creation; and becauſe his nature conſiſted of two parts, the one ſpiritual, the other corporeal, the Great Creator provided for the perfect felicity of both. For this he robed the heavens with azure, and ſpread the earth with a carpet of the ſofteſt verdure. For this he crowned the ſun with beams of radiant light, and bid the ſilver moon ariſe and ſet; the ſpicy groves emit their fragrance, and their feathered inhabitants tune their warbling throats to charm him with their agreeable melody. For this the rivers flowed through Paradiſe, to water the garden of GOD; and all the wonders and beauties of Creation aroſe to preſent their delights, and offer their ſervices to man. But great as theſe gifts were, and worthy of the Divine Beſtower, they were the leaſt part of Adam's bleſſedneſs: there was nothing in them which could make a ſpiritual creature happy. A world, or ten thouſand worlds, can never ſatisfy the capacious deſires of an immortal mind, created for no leſs an enjoyment than that of an infinite GOD, and indued with two glo-

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rious properties, *viz.* the knowledge of GOD, and conformity to him. Adam poſſeſſing an underſtanding, full of Divine light, ſaw in his Creator his ſupreme good, and his will and affections rejoiced with delight and complacency in the adorable perfections of JEHOVAH; and in the light of his countenance, the ſmiles of his face, and communion and fellowſhip with this infinite DEITY, conſiſted the happineſs of man—how noble, how exalted a Being! Well might the ſons of light, thoſe radiant morning ſtars, ſing anthems of praiſe, and ſhout for joy, when he came out of his Creator's hands, the glorious image of his Divine perfections. But, alas! this bleſſedneſs was but of a ſhort duration; Sin blinded his eyes, and hardened his heart! Sin robbed him of his happineſs, and plunged him into miſery; and ſo great was his fall, and ſo fatal the depravity which ſucceeded it, that we find him immediately evincing, in the ſtrongeſt manner, the moſt fixed averſion to GOD, the fountain of bliſs, as well as the moſt ſavage-like ignorance of him. Behold! in the cool of the day, the LORD GOD viſits Eden with his moſt immediate preſence: he walks in the garden; but where is the noble inhabitant for whom it was planted, and adorned with all the beauties of nature? Does not he run with nimble feet, and a heart overflowing with love and gratitude, to meet and adore his generous Benefactor? O, no! We may well enquire with the Divine Majeſty, "Adam, where art thou?" and behold, the guilty rebel behind a thicket, vainly endeavouring to hide and conceal himſelf among the trees of the garden

den from the heart-ſearching eye of Omniſcience. Adam now could ſee nothing amiable and lovely in all the glorious attributes of JEHOVAH: being become an unholy creature, the holineſs and righteouſneſs of GOD were now his averſion: his juſtice became his terror and dread; and as to his Divine compaſſion and mercy, that, perhaps, he deſpaired of finding exerciſed in his behalf, and was too proud to ſeek; therefore he fled from JEHOVAH, as from an object dreaded, and diſagreeable. This was the ſituation of our fallen firſt parent; and this is the dreadful legacy he hath bequeathed to all his ſons and daughters, ignorance of GOD, and enmity againſt him, all lovely, all gracious, and ſupremely excellent as he is. The deſire of happineſs is deeply implanted in the human breaſt. Man, be his ſituation whatever it may, from the king to the peaſant, feels the want of ſomething to complete his bliſs, though ſurrounded with all the bleſſings of providence: he finds them all inſufficient, and ſighs for ſomething more. He roves from place to place, and from one thing to another, in ſearch of that ſomething, but finds it not; for, alas! he is ſeeking the living among the dead; GOD, the only ſource of true happineſs, is not in all his thoughts; neither does it once enter his mind by nature to ſeek felicity in Him, where only it can be found: his mind being earthly and ſenſual, it knows of no higher pleaſures than thoſe of ſenſe; for them he pants, purſues them with inſatiable deſire, and, for a moment, thinks himſelf happy, if they are attained; but, alas! when death, that moſt unwelcome

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and tremendous meſſenger approaches, to arreſt him in the King of Heaven's name, and ſummon him to appear at his awful tribunal, how does he then diſcover his miſtake, and find he has all his life been purſuing an empty ſhade, a falſe and deluſive bubble, which now burſts into nothing, and leaves him only the fruit of his folly, anguiſh, ſhame, and deſpair. Alas! who can be truly happy, that is not prepared for eternity? or how can that deſerve the name of happineſs, the duration of which can only run parallel with the fleeting breath of life; and when that ſtops, muſt bid an everlaſting adieu? When the ſun, that bright luminary, ſhall be ſet in eternal night, and all his radiant beams are quenched in darkneſs—when the moon and ſtars ſhall be blotted out from the heavens, and they themſelves be rolled up as a ſcroll, and laid aſide as an uſeleſs garment—when the earth, and all that it contains, the amazing works of art, and the more ſtupendous works of nature, ſhall be conſumed in one general conflagration, where will the man of pleaſure find his delights, the miſer his gold, or the ſlave of ambition his honors and rewards? Alas! were there no hell, they muſt be for ever miſerable in the loſs of all that was valuable in their eſteem, and in which alone their felicity was placed.

Here let me pauſe a moment, and enquire, gentle Reader, whoever thou art, if thou art wiſe for eternity? What ſort of happineſs is thine? Is it of a periſhable nature? Or will it outlive the wreck of worlds, and bloom and triumph in an everlaſting duration, immortal as thy ſoul? If ſo, it is worthy of thy ſoul. I congratulate thee; and heaven, and earth

earth unite with me to congratulate thy felicity. You, I am perſuaded, will approve the deſign of the following POEM, which is to impreſs upon young minds, the exceeding emptineſs and nothingneſs of thoſe things which men of the world call good and great—if I had ſaid men out of their ſenſes, I had uſed great propriety; for we are never in our right mind, till we are wiſe enough to ſee more beauty and excellence in religion, than in all the pleaſures of ſin. What is religion? it is nothing more nor leſs than this, an experimental knowledge of, and conformity to the ever-bleſſed GOD. What are the advantages connected with this religion? "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true GOD, and JESUS CHRIST, whom thou haſt ſent." *John* xvii. 3. O eternal life, who can deſcribe thy glories!—who can conceive thy bleſſedneſs!———Come, ye men of the world, ye ſilken ſons of folly, ye lovers of pleaſure more than lovers of GOD, ſummon together your treaſures, your gay delights, thoſe ſcenes of riot and diſſipation, in which you drown your ſenſe and reaſon from year to year.—Come ye ambitious, reſtleſs, aſpiring ſpirits, who are eagerly preſſing after dignity and fame, bring your crowns and ſceptres, your kingdoms and empires, and enquire if any of them, or all of them together, can give you any thing equivalent to what is contained in theſe two little words, *eternal Life*. Alas, no! they can give you eternal death, that is the moſt they can do for you. "The wages of ſin is death, but the gift of GOD is eternal life, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD." *Rom.* vi. 23. Religion then is the moſt advantageous thing

thing in the world, yourſelves being judges. It is a generally-received opinion, at leaſt among young people, that there is ſomething gloomy and melancholy in religion, and that there is no being religious without being unhappy. How ſtrange a miſtake: true religion (the religion of the heart, I mean) is the moſt pleaſant and delightful thing in the world: it deſtroys one ſet of pleaſures I acknowledge, but it introduces another infinitely more ſublime; and they who have had the longeſt and moſt intimate acquaintance with the religion of JESUS, can and will put their *probatum eſt* to Solomon's divinely-inſpired declaration, "Wiſdom's ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace."

With a view to impreſs theſe ſolemn truths on a young mind, the following little PIECE was written, which now, at the particular requeſt of friends, is ſubmitted to the public eye. The author cannot conclude, without apologizing to that Public for the improprieties which they will doubtleſs meet with in the Poem. She acknowledges her pen is rude and unpoliſhed, therefore throws herſelf and it upon a generous Public, truſting it will not be peruſed with the ſeverity of criticiſm, but with the candid eye of lovers of the truth, in whatever form it may appear.

ARGUMENT.

ARGUMENT.

DESCRIPTION of a moon-light night—A youth ſleeping under an oak, with his guardian angel near him—Deſcription of the angel who led to meditate by the ſolemnity of the ſcene, ſings an hymn of praiſe to GOD the creator—Syren and her attendants approach—Deſcription and character of Syren—Syren ſings—Henry awakes—A converſation between them—Henry follows Syren—Reflections thereon—The Angel concerned at the loſs of Henry—unable to prevent it—pities his folly—flies in ſearch of Religion whom he ſuppoſes capable of reclaiming him by her perſuaſions——Converſation between the Angel and Religion——Religion goes in ſearch of Henry—Deſcription of morning—Henry retired from a ſcene of diſſipation—Religion meets him—Deſcription of Religion—Converſation between them—Religion unable to convince Henry of the folly and danger of his attachment to Syren, leaves him—Immanuel from his throne beholds theſe tranſactions, approves the zeal of his ſervants, though unſucceſsful; calls divine grace from his right hand—Commiſſions her—Girds her with omnipotent power, ſhe undertakes the work, and deſcends to execute it—Deſcription of the way in which divine Grace conquers Syren—reclaims Henry, and induces him to become the ſubject of real Religion, and true happineſs—Syren enraged at the loſs of Henry—ſeeks him again with a view to enſnare him, if poſſible, with her deluſive ſmiles—Evening, Henry walking in the fields to meditate, Syren meets him—accoſts him with the voice of flattery—he rejects her with indignation—She reproaches him with ingratitude—reminds him

of the great things ſhe beſtowed on him while under her dominion—Henry acknowledges he had long been her ſlave, adores the Almighty Power which has ſnapt the chains aſunder in which ſhe held him, ſolemnly renouncing all attachment to her, and profeſſes himſelf a ſubject of the King of Kings——Syren now throws off the maſk of hypocriſy under which ſhe had before concealed her rage, and denounces the moſt terrible vengeance—Henry deſpiſes her threatenings, profeſſes his ſtedfaſt dependance on the all-powerful protection of Heaven engaged in his behalf, and ſubmiſſion to the divine will, as to all future events—They part, Syren meditating revenge, and Henry devoted to and rejoicing in GOD.

HENRY,

A SACRED POEM.

'TWAS in that hour when day's imperial king,
Beneath our hemiſphere far ſunk, retir'd
To reſt, perhaps in Thetis oozy bed,
Or crown ſome diſtant clime with riſing beams;
Night, ſable veſted, threw her curtain round,
Emboſs'd with ſtars, the glitt'ring gems of heav'n;
And high enthron'd, from clouds emerg'd, the moon,
Walking in brightneſs through the ſpangled arch,
Diſpers'd the darkneſs with her lucid rays,
And tipp'd the hills with ſilver. Underneath
A tufted oak, upon a graſſy couch,
A ſlumbering youth repoſed: ſleep on his eyes
Sat heavy, and, with its benumbing pow'r,
Seal'd up each faculty in helpleſs ſtupor,
Thoughtleſs and fearleſs of impending harm:
But at his ſide, to him unknown, behold
A guard ſeraphic ſtood—a glorious form;
One from high heav'n diſpatch'd, to watch around,
And ſhield young HENRY from the countleſs ills

That hourly hang o'er mortal heads; ſo cal
The ſleeping youth, th' heav'nly meſſenger,
Faithful to his great charge, his ſteps attend
With ſweet delight, obedient to his God.
Around his head a radient glory ſhone;
Youth in his face ſat ſmiling all ſerene;
And his gay plumage, ting'd with all the dies
Which glow in that fair arch by mortals ſeen,
When clouds bedew the earth with gentle ſhow'rs.

Still was the ſeaſon, ſolemn ſilence reign'd,
Ev'n Philomel forgot her mournful tale,
And huſh'd in gentle reſt, all nature lay!
Only CELESTO wak'd: long wrapt in thought
The angel ſtood, and view'd the wond'rous ſcene.
The wond'rous ſcene inſpir'd devotion pure,
And love and rapture glow'd within his breaſt.
Love too intenſe, and rapture too divine,
To be lock'd up in ſilence, from his ſide
His golden harp he takes, and with ſweet voice
Charms the ſtill night, with melody more ſoft
Than fabled Orpheus, when the ſavage herd
Liſten'd, attentive, to his warbled ſong.

A I R.

Thou great Omnipotent,
Thou Lord of earth and ſky,
I on thy gracious errand ſent,
Adore thy Majeſty.

II.

When I behold the ſun,
The creature of thy pow'r,
His daily radient circle run,
I wonder and adore.

III.

The moon and ſtars, by night,
In feebler glories ſhine;
But all from thee derive their light,
Thou ſource of light divine.

IV.

Thine everlaſting praiſe
Seraphic armies ſing,
And I (unworthy) join the lays,
Thou everlaſting King.

V.

Hail! holy, holy, Lord!
Thrice holy one in three;
Thy boundleſs name be ſtill ador'd,
Throughout eternity.

But ſee, a beauteous form, with nimble ſtep,
Trips o'er the dewy green, and this way bends;
A flowing robe hangs looſely o'er her limbs,
By ev'ry breath of wanton Zephyrs mov'd:
A roſy chaplet, intermix'd with ſprigs
Of blooming myrtle, circles round her head,
And in her face ſits laughter uncontrol'd.
All gay and ſprightly, as the ſummer's ſun,
Two nymphs attend her, and, with ſkilful hand,
On pipe and tabor play, and with their feet,
Keep time and meaſure to the jocund ſound.

Ah! fatal charmer! Ah! inſidious fair!
For all's a painted ſhew, a hollow cheat:
Long from her breaſt has virtue fled, and vice

Reigns

Reigns in her heart, and wantons in her eyes;
SYREN her name, by night ſhe iſſues forth,
And ſpreads her ſilken net of gay delights,
To catch unwary travellers, and ſuch
Who rove abroad unguarded and ſecure.
Deluſive flatt'ry hangs upon her tongue,
And endleſs ruin follows in her train:
Her ſteps lay hold on death, and all her paths,
Though ſtrew'd with roſes, lead directly down
To the black chambers of eternal woe.

SYREN.

'Wake, ſleeping youth, awake, and ſee
Thy love, thy SYREN waits for thee.
Why waſte the hours as they fly,
In quick ſucceſſion, round the ſky.
The preſent moment ſeize, live while 'tis day,
E're time and youth take wing, and fly away.

II.

Jocund ſounds ſhall greet thine ear,
Age and wrinkles ſoon appear.
Haſte! improve thy little ſpan,
'Tis the chiefeſt end of man
To be happy, to be bleſt, and prove
The ſprightly joys of muſic, wine, and love.

CHORUS.

The preſent moment ſeize, live while 'tis day,
E're time and youth take wing, and fly away.

HENRY.

HENRY.

What ſounds melodious charm my waken'd ear!
What heav'nly form art thou! if from the ſkies,
But now deſcended to this earthly ball,
Say, may a mortal aſk (unblam'd) thy name!
And what thy errand is to this low world!
That with due rev'rence he may homage pay!

SYREN.

Not from the ſkies I come, I reign below,
Sole empreſs of this beautiful terrene:
My empire's large, my ſubjects many are,
And I their queen, their fount of happineſs.
I lead them on in Pleaſure's ſmiling path,
Beſtrew'd with roſes, lin'd with gay delights.
I crown their temples, ſome with pureſt gold,
With laurel ſome, enduring ever green,
Emblem of victory, and on them pour
Treaſures of golden ore, and ſparkling gems,
From diſtant Ophir and Golconda brought:
I lead the ſprightly dance, and, from their breaſts,
Baniſh each care, and chace corroding thought,
Or drown them in the ſparkling, flowing bowl.
Come then, my HENRY, let me call thee mine;
Come and poſſeſs thy fill of happineſs;
See to adorn thy head, I have prepar'd
This flow'ry coronet, of various hue;
See riches, honors, pleaſures, I beſtow,
Come follow me, and live ſecure from woe.

HENRY.

Charmer! lead on! I feel thy ſov'reign pow'r
Inflame my heart, and from this happy hour

Thy

Thy ſteps I follow; thine, devoted live;
And from thy hand the great reward receive,
Thou, on thy faithful ſubjects doſt beſtow,
To make them happy, while they dwell below.
Thy voice ſhall be my guide, thy ſmile my heav'n;
I'll be content with that, let that be giv'n.

SYREN.

Take my hand, and take my heart,
Thou and I muſt never part:
Let the fools who would be wiſe,
Talk of pleaſures in the ſkies;
We were never there to ſee,
What thoſe fancied pleaſures be.

II.

Let the dreamers have their way,
We'll be wiſer ſtill than they:
We'll the preſent hour improve,
As from bliſs to bliſs we rove;
Leaving anxious thought behind,
Give to-morrow to the wind.

CHORUS.

Strike the tabor, ſweetly play,
We keep jocund holiday.

By guileful flatt'ry won, the heedleſs youth
Thus falls an eaſy prey; he joins the throng
Of Folly's children, in their mad career,
Ranging the giddy maze of vanity.
Nor ſees the ſnare, nor heeds the dreadful gulph,
Upon whoſe verge he dances—gulph of woe!

Whoſe

Whoſe op'ning jaws have ſwallow'd thouſands down
In fathomleſs deſtruction. Hapleſs ſouls!
A while they ſwam in Pleaſure's treach'rous ſea,
Revell'd a moment in fantaſtic joys,
Then ſplit upon the rock, their veſſel bulg'd,
And down, down, down they ſunk to endleſs woe,
And infinite perdition; there to dwell,
And weep and groan a long eternity.
So the young ox, with feſtive wreaths adorn'd,
Midſt ſprightly ſounds, proud of his honors, goes
With ſtately ſteps along, thoughtleſs of harm,
'Till in his throat the ſacrificer's knife
Deep plung'd, the bleeding victim falls and dies.

With down-caſt look, in penſive attitude,
CELESTO ſtands; his gen'rous breaſt can feel,
And kindly pity his deluded charge.
'Twas his to guard him from corporeal harm,
That might with forceful acts of violence
His ſafety injure; but to guard his heart
From Satan's wiles, to influence his will,
Shield his affections, and preſerve his ſoul,
Angelic pow'r here fails; not Gabriel's ſelf,
Raphael, nor all the heav'nly hoſt combin'd,
Can ſtand ſufficient for the mighty talk.
The Lord of hoſts alone, the great I AM!
By his almighty Grace, can keep the ſoul,
Rebuke the tempter, give to feeble man,
O'er ſin, the world, and ſelf, the victory!
Yet full of noble zeal, the angel glow'd;
Zeal for his God! And faithful love to him,
Whoſe welfare Providence had made his care.
And ſee! He ſpreads his wings and ſoars aloft,
And ranges far and wide in ſearch of one,

He deem'd of pow'r ſufficient to reclaim
And bring the wand'rer back, and turn his feet
From error's maze, to tread in paths of peace.
Long fruitleſs prov'd his toil, but found at length:
With accents mild, and countenance ſerene,
He to RELIGION thus his ſpeech addreſs'd.

CELESTO.

Offspring of heav'n, belov'd of God, I come
To crave thy pow'rful aid, my earthly charge,
A youth committed to my ſtricteſt care,
By our great Maſter, late betray'd, intic'd
By her who potent reigns in human hearts,
And leads them far from God, and holds them bound
In curſed chains. Blind vot'ries to her will,
Thou know'ſt her well; 'tis SYREN, foe declar'd
To God and thee, his image and delight.
Come and let thy ſweet voice attract his ears,
For on thy tongue melodious muſic hangs;
Come, and diſcloſe thy beauties to his ſight,
And charm his heart by thy myſterious pow'r.
O ſhew his feet the way that leads to life,
And break the ſnare, and ſnatch him from the arms
Of that falſe ſorcereſs, and in his breaſt
O raiſe thy holy, happy, peaceful throne,
And make him bleſs'd indeed.

RELIGION.

To thy requeſt, fair angel, I attend,
Thy tale with grief I hear, nor ſlack ſhall prove
To uſe my utmoſt ſkill, and to his ear
Bring truth divine. But know my utmoſt pow'r
Can but his ear aſſail; 'tis not in me

To

To turn the bias of his heart corrupt;
My elder ſiſter, GRACE, divine alone,
Can ope thoſe doors to me, by nature ſhut.
'Tis her prerogative to melt the heart,
Change the affections, new create the ſoul,
And reinſtate me in my rightful throne.
Then ſhall I ſway my peaceful ſceptre there,
And guide his feet in Wiſdom's pleaſant paths.

AIR.

Who can ſave a wretch undone?
Who can melt a heart of ſtone?
None but GRACE, from Jeſus ſent,
GRACE indeed Omnipotent!

II.

See the fruitleſs heath appear
Barren, deſolate and bare;
Parch'd with heat, no moiſture nigh,
Open to the ſultry ſky.

III.

GRACE can look the drought away,
Dreſs it in the robes of May;
See the leafy train ariſe,
Spicy odours fill the ſkies.

IV.

Heav'nly dews refreſh the ground,
Fruitfulneſs ſmiles all around;
See the wilderneſs no more,
Eden opes her plenteous ſtore.

CELESTO.

'Tis true, but know, dear maid, tho' HENRY now
Runs in the devious paths of ſin aſtray,
His name in heav'nly records is ſet down,
And in eternal love he bears a part;
For heav'nly ſpirits 'tend not thoſe whoſe end
Is miſery and woe: we miniſter
At our dread Lord's command, to thoſe who ſhare
In his redeeming love, for whoſe dear ſake,
He manifeſt in fleſh, on earth appear'd,
And took their ſins and nail'd them to his croſs,
That he might ſnatch them from the jaws of hell
By pow'r almighty, and ſupernal grace.
Here ſprings a ray of light; then who can tell,
But when thy voice arreſts his outward ear,
And pourtrays to his view, the joys which flow
From undefiled RELIGION, all ſincere,
An unſeen hand, an energy divine,
May fix the leſſon home upon his heart,
And teach him heav'nly wiſdom.

RELIGION.

——————CELESTO lead,
Thy ſteps, I follow, and with warm deſire,
To ſee this brand pluck'd from ſins hateful fire.

Now had the cock's ſhrill clarion wak'd the morn,
And call'd Aurora from her ſoft repoſe
T' unlock the gates of day; the ſoaring lark
Warbl'd his early mattins; from each buſh
The feather'd ſongſters ſent ſweet melody,
To greet the approach of light in varied notes;
When, lo! the rover, fluſh'd with gay delights,

Fatigu'd

Fatigu'd with midnight revels, ſtroll'd recluſe,
Revolving in his mind paſt pleaſures o'er,
And big with expectation, fond and vain.

But ſee! RELIGION comes, with modeſt ſtep,
Treading the dewy graſs; her progreſs mark'd
By ſpringing flow'rets, frag'rantly ſweet;
Her unadorned treſſes careleſs hang
On either ſhoulder, while a ſnow-white robe
Her beauteous form conceals; around her girt
Faſt with a golden girdle: to her feet
Her robe deſcends in flowing majeſty:
In her fair face, no wanton bluſhes riſe
From thought impure, or laughing levity,
But holy chearfulneſs ſits native there,
And ſmiles benignant, full of heav'nly love,
Prophetic of the peaceful calm within.
So ſweetly mild, her look attracts the love
Of each beholder; yet ſuch majeſty
Darts from her eyes, and hangs about her perſon,
As ſtrikes the boldeſt heart with awe profound.

RELIGION.

Stop, gentle youth, and one ſhort moment ſpare
From vain purſuits, and let thy liſt'ning ear
Attend a ſtranger's voice; for know, I bring
A ſolemn meſſage from the heav'nly King.
Of birth divine I am, ſent from the ſkies,
To make the ſons of folly bleſt and wiſe.
To men I call, and lift my voice to thoſe,
Who to themſelves, their God, and me, are foes.
My name, RELIGION! and my office this,
To lead from death and woe, to life and bliſs.

Let

Let then thine ear attend, thine heart receive
The ſacred truths I bring, O hear and live!

HENRY.

Thou viſitant divine! Aw'd by thy voice,
Each roving thought retires, and on my mind
Devout attention ſits. See all around,
Creation, liſt'ning to that warbling thruſh,
Seems huſh'd in ſilence; ſilence, how profound!
Ev'n Zephir ſleeps, leſt with his fanning wings
The ruſtling leaves diſturb her melody.
So to thy more harmonious voice, my mind
And all her pow'rs ſhall liſten while thou ſpeak'ſt;
Each interrupting thought ſhall ſtand aloof,
And wait till better leiſure give them leave.

RELIGION.

'Tis not thine ear, O HENRY! will ſuffice,
Thine heart I chiefly want; O! ope thine heart,
And take me to thy boſom, there to dwell
In union, indiſſoluble and ſweet;
Thy heart's my rightful throne; there I would ſit
In the great name of him who reigns on high,
And ſway my peaceful ſceptre in thy ſoul;
Direct thy footſteps, lead thy willing feet
In Wiſdom's pleaſant paths, where thou may'ſt run,
And gather pleaſures as the drops of dew
Num'rous, and drink thy fill of happineſs!
Pleaſures all pure, and happineſs divine.

HENRY.

If but to make me happy, thou art come,
I thank thee, gen'rous maid, thy kind concern

Demands

Demands much gratitude: But know, I've met
A beauteous form indeed, tho' ſprung from earth,
And from her lips have learn'd the way to bliſs,
Nor other bliſs I need, for all my pow'rs,
She from her plenteous ſtores will ſatisfy,
With ever new delight.

RELIGION.

——————Miſtaken youth!
Charm'd by her gay outſide and fair pretence,
Thou ſeeſt not the hypocrite within:
'Tis SYREN! Fatal name! SYREN, abhor'd
By God and Goodneſs as their utter foe.
Her breaſts the ſeat of guile and artifice:
This her lips utter, and her hands perform.
Caught in her ſnare, lur'd by her varied arts,
Thouſands have danc'd her giddy round awhile:
Then ſtumbling o'er black rocks, which lay unſeen,
Have fallen ten thouſand fathom down the gulph
Of dark deſpair and never-ending woe,
And found her paths, tho' ſtrew'd with roſes, led
To the infernal chambers of the dead.

HENRY.

If ſhe be falſe, how is it I poſſeſs
So much of joy, ſo much of happineſs!
She hourly leads my feet to new delights,
And when they cloy, ſhe ſtill to freſh invites;
If gloomy thoughts ariſe within my breaſt,
One ſmile of her's, ſoon huſhes them to reſt.
So ſweet's her ſmile, ſo wond'rous ſtrange her pow'r,
She finds amuſements new for every hour.
From the dark mind ſhe calls the golden ore,
And pours it on me in abundant ſtore;

She crowns my head with plumes from honor's wings,
And promiſes to rank me e'en with kings;
Her acts ſo gen'rous, and her words ſo fair,
How can I doubt but what they genuine are!

RELIGION.

What are her pleaſures, HENRY? Light and vain,
Fantaſtic joys, but link'd with endleſs pain;
Joys ſuch as beaſts partake; but man was made
To drink of pleaſures which can never fade.
What will her gold do for thee? Will it buy
A crown of life, a manſion in the ſky?
When pain attacks thy limbs, and ſore diſeaſe,
Will it remove thy griefs and give thee eaſe?
When death appears, can gold a ranſom pay?
And ſend the king of terrors, brib'd away?
O, no! It falſly glitters in thy ſight,
And, like a meteor burſts in ſhades of night.
So all the honors this falſe world can give,
End in a name; nor long that name can live.
Revolving periods ſweep paſt things away,
The works of art, yea, nature's ſelf decay!
Soon will the day appear, when earth and ſky,
Shall in one undiſtinguiſh'd ruin lie;
Thy SYREN then, ſurrounded all by fire,
Shall, in the mighty ruin loſt, expire.

But hear my voice, O youth! For happy's he,
Whoſe heart's athirſt, whoſe ſpirit pants for me:
Yea! Thrice he's bleſt, who ſeeks his greateſt gain
From me, for long he ſhall not ſeek in vain.
More precious far, than rubies is my name,
The pearl of price, man's chiefeſt good I am,

Daſt

Doſt wiſh to live a goodly train of years,
See! in my right hand, length of days appears:
Eternal life's my dowry, me receive,
And to eternal ages thou ſhalt live.
Would'ſt high exalted ſit, in honor's chair?
And in abundant riches wiſh to ſhare?
In my left hand unceaſing riches flow,
Honors ſuperior to ought known below.
Doſt pleaſure love, would'ſt have thy joys increaſe?
My ways are pleaſant, and my paths are peace.
From creature joys, no laſting bliſs can flow,
For creatures fade, and into darkneſs go.
I'll lead thy feet to God, in him is found
Pleaſures all pure, with long duration crown'd;
Eternal as their mighty author's name,
Who was, and is, and ſtill ſhall be the ſame.

When thou ſhalt ſee thy Father's ſmiling face,
And prove the boundleſs wonders of his Grace;
When in thy raptur'd heart a Saviour's love,
Shed ſweetly there by the celeſtial dove;
How wilt thou fall aſtoniſh'd, bow, and own,
Till then thou real pleaſure haſt not known?
O! then be wiſe, attend unto my voice,
Approve my counſel, make me all thy choice:
Then like a mighty ſtream thy peace ſhall flow,
And ſtill increaſing while thou dwell'ſt below.
And when thy glaſs is run, and Death appears,
I'll ſmooth the tyrant's face, and huſh thy fears;
And thou ſhalt ſweetly lay thee down to reſt,
Not die, but fall aſleep on Jeſus' breaſt!
Till the great trumpet ſounds, then wak'd, ariſe!
Joyful to meet thy Saviour in the ſkies!

Receive a radiant crown, and fully prove,
The heights and depths of his redeeming love.

AIR.

Joy and wonder overflowing,
Love and peace their ſtreams unite;
Still increaſing, ever growing,
To a ſea of pure delight:
Trees of life with verdure blooming,
O'er the banks their ſhadow ſpread;
Spicy ſweets the air perfuming,
From the bloſſoms hourly ſhed.

II.

Happy ſaints here ſwim in pleaſure,
Holy pleaſures all divine;
Quaff of bliſs unbounded meaſure,
And in ſacred anthems join.
Low before the Saviour falling,
They adore his majeſty;
Matchleſs grace and love extolling,
Through a vaſt eternity.

HENRY.

So great a prize, ſuch everlaſting gain,
How can a mortal this vaſt bliſs attain?
Deign to inform my mind, thou heav'nly fair,
That I in this felicity may ſhare.

RELIGION.

If thou, O youth! this pearl of price wou'd gain,
And this ſupreme felicity attain;
Exalted high upon a throne of grace,
Immanuel reigns, and in his awful face,

Sweet

Sweet love and mercy ſhine, in beams ſo bright,
That earth and heaven live upon the ſight;
Lift up thine eyes to his all-glorious ſeat,
Come, fall a willing vot'ry at his feet.
He'll ope his lib'ral hand, and large beſtow,
Of all can make thee truly bleſt below.
Upon thy head a crown of life he'll place,
Bright beaming glory, rich abundant Grace,
Free as the air you breathe; O! ſeek and find,
Jeſus, to ſeeking ſouls, is ever kind.
But gentle youth, would'ſt thou this crown receive,
Thou muſt thyſelf a willing off'ring give
To the great King of ſaints; he aſks thine heart,
That he may to it heav'nly peace impart;
The whole, without reſerve: he will not ſhare
With rivals: he muſt reign unrivall'd there.
Renounce thyſelf, thy ſtrength, thy wiſdom flee,
Sit at his feet, and find him made to thee,
Strength, wiſdom, righteouſneſs divine, yea all,
More than thou loſt by thy firſt father's fall.
Renounce thy SYREN too, O youth! and part
With that lov'd fatal charmer of thine heart;
Thou muſt forſake her company, and flee
Her falſe allurements with alacrity;
Muſt watch againſt her wiles, her joys deteſt,
And drive the fatal ſorc'reſs from thy breaſt.
Take up the croſs and ſtruggle, ſtrive and pray,
And follow Jeſus in the narrow way.
Yet ſtart not, HENRY! tho' the taſk is hard,
O let thine eyes attend the great reward,
The glorious prize, the heav'nly crown in view:
O linger not, but haſten to purſue;
And thou wilt find, when thou art taught aright,
His yoke is eaſy, and his burthen light:

He'll pow'r impart, thy ſtrength he will renew,
There's all-ſufficient Grace to bring thee thro'.

HENRY.

It ſhall be ſo; thy voice I will obey;
My ſprightly youth will languiſh and decay:
And when revolving years have made me wiſe,
And taught me how thy ſage advice to prize,
I ſhall grow tir'd of this gay life I lead,
And then I'll watch and pray, and hear, and read;
Far from the noiſy haunts of men retire,
And after God and Godlineſs aſpire.
I'll ſeek ſome lone retreat, ſome moſs-grown cell,
Where Solitude and Meditation dwell;
There wholely give myſelf to God and thee,
And end my days in ſtricteſt piety.

RELIGION.

Think not, O youth! that I to cells retire,
And ſeek to kindle there devotion's fire,
Recluſe from mortal view my beauties hide,
And but with gloomy devotees abide.
No! thou may'ſt ſtill in ſocial life remain,
For that created, yet true bliſs obtain.
But ſhall thy youth, thy prime of life be ſpent,
In vain purſuits, to ſin and folly lent?
And but the dregs to God and me be giv'n,
And thy laſt hours be all thou'lt ſpare for heav'n?
Ungen'rous thought, how fooliſh and unwiſe,
Thus to affront the Sov'reign of the ſkies.
When feeble age unnerves thy ev'ry pow'r,
And pain invades thy limbs each ling'ring hour;
When dim thine eyes, thy tott'ring feet refuſe
Their uſual office, trembling fear enſues,

And thro' thy univerſal frame, diſeaſe
Proclaim the monſter Death about to ſeize,
And into ruins ſhake thy falling clay,
To ſleep in duſt, till the great riſing day.
And thou no more can'ſt taſte the ſweets of ſin;
O wilt thou then to think of God begin?
And bring thy crazy ſelf to his abode,
As a fit off'ring for the glorious God?
I limit not his Grace, 'tis all divine,
But can'ſt thou juſtly hope this Grace for thine?
Hear what he ſays, when rob'd in radiant light,
He comes his injured Majeſty to right.
With grac'ous voice I call'd, you would not hear;
My threats alarm'd, but you refus'd to fear.
Now when your terrors riſe, I'll ſcorn your woe,
Ye curſed, into endleſs burnings go!
Haſte then, dear youth! his mercies now are great,
Let ſweet repentance lead thee to his feet:
Be wiſe in time, O ſeek his bleſs'd abode,
And dedicate thy happy youth to God.

HENRY.

I'll think upon thy words, no longer ſtay,
But call to-morrow, or ſome future day.

RELIGION.

O ſeize the preſent NOW, be wiſe to-day,
In Death's cold arms thou may'ſt to-morrow lay:
Where is to-morrow? Far beyond the ſkies,
O catch the preſent moment ere it flies.

AIR.

Youth and health, and life decay,
Fleeting as a ſummer's day;

Wiſdom's

Wiſdom's ſweet inſtructions hear,
Ere the ſhades of night appear.

II.

See Immanuel grac'ous ſtands,
Peace and pardon in his hands;
Seek his face, enjoy his love,
Everlaſting bleſſings prove.

From his high throne, Immanuel, King of kings!
Saw and approv'd his ſervant's pious zeal,
However fruitleſs; and his boſom glow'd
With love immenſe, compaſſion all divine,
To'ards the ungrateful wand'rer, tho' his ear,
Deaf as the adder to the charmer's voice,
Shut out conſideration from his heart,
And gave him all to folly; for in vain
RELIGION pleaded, SYREN kept his heart
Faſt lock'd and barr'd, that no admiſſion there
Her precepts pure could find, tho' heav'nly ſweet,
And on her tongue ſat harmony divine.
But he who once forſook his glorious throne,
And came (O wond'rous Shepherd!) to redeem
And ſave his ſilly ſheep, all gone aſtray,
And call the wand'rers home. He calls to mind
The mighty price then paid; he caſts a look
Of heav'nly pity on th' unthinking youth:
Nor will he looſe the purchaſe of his blood,
Which coſt him groans and agony ſo dear;
Nor ſhall a falſe alluring world o'ercome
His mighty love and gen'rous purpoſes.
From his right hand, where high in place ſhe ſtood,
He calls his darling GRACE; and go, he ſays,

Thou

Thou ſhalt prevail, with my omnipotence
I gird thee. Go! and proſper in thy work,
Thy mighty work! Go, new create his ſoul,
Turn him from darkneſs to the light of life:
Snatch him, a burning brand from out the fire,
And bring him to my feet. High in his heart
Reign thou, and with thy pow'rful influence
Inform his judgment, rectify his will:
Charm his affections with ſupernal love,
And keep him ever thine, and ever bleſt.

GRACE.

Lo! at thy grac'ous word I go,
Glad to perform thy will below;
I'll chace the miſts that cloud his ſight,
And fill his ſoul with heav'nly light:
I'll make his deaf'ned ear attend,
His ſtubborn will I'll ſweetly bend:
I'll melt the hardneſs of his heart,
And bid the mountains all depart:
I'll break his bands and ſet him free,
And bring the rebel home to thee;
With ſweet contrition at thy feet to lay,
Till thou ſhall kindly ſpeak his fears away,
And ſeal him for thine own; then heav'n ſhall ring
With loud hoſannahs to the heav'nly King.

Down from the ſkies all potent Grace deſcends,
With ſpeed more ſwift than from the radiant ſun;
Darts all prolific rays, or the wing'd flaſh
Of vivid light'ning haſtens thro' the air,
Nor ſtays till in young HENRY's favour'd breaſt,
By pow'r myſterious, (leave unaſk'd of him)
She lights and reſts a gueſt indeed divine:

Nor

Nor ſits ſhe there an idle viſitant,
But ſoon her work begins, her glorious work,
To form his rebel heart anew for God.
Into his eyes, ſhe all unſeen, diſtills
From the fair fount of life ſome ſacred drops,
Which far diſpels the miſts, and clears his ſight,
That objects, late unſeen, appear in view;
And truth, all powerful, breaks upon his mind,
With force reſiſtleſs, pathos all divine.
His ears, obedient to her touch, fly ope,
And liſt attentive to Inſtruction's voice;
And from his heart, with ſtrength omnipotent,
She rolls the ſtone, diſſolves the adamant,
And ſows the heav'nly ſeed, which ſoon ſhall ſpring,
And riſe, and grow to a fair ſpreading tree,
Yielding delicious fruit from every bough.
Lo! now he feels ſenſations riſe within,
Senſations new and ſtrange, unfelt before;
He feels himſelf IMMORTAL, pants for joys,
Suited to one in being rank'd ſo high:
Joys which can make immortal being bleſs'd.
Earth diſappoints his wiſh, he lifts his eyes,
Seeks it no longer there, but, all inflam'd
With warm deſire, purſues ſupernal bliſs.
SYREN no more can charm; her pleaſing form
No more conceal her falſhood from his view;
Her voice attracts no more, the ſnare is broke,
And, lo! he runs, he flies from her embrace,
As from the op'ning jaws of fearful woe.
Her ways he hates, deluſive as they are,
And with fix'd eye, and longing heart, beholds
The charms ſublime which ſhine in holineſs,
And pants to find them planted in his breaſt,
That there ſubſtantial happineſs may reign.

He ſtands aſtoniſh'd that his fooliſh heart,
So long beguil'd by Sin's deluſive voice,
Should dream of happineſs from ought that ſprings
From her rank ſoil, or grows below the ſtars.
Grace leads his mind in ſolemn thought, to dwell
On murder'd time, loſt opportunity,
The ſin and folly of his ſquander'd youth;
Till from his boſom deep-fetched ſighs burſt forth,
Expreſſive of the pungent grief within.
Grace lays him low in ſweet humility;
And can there be (with mournful voice, he cries)
A wretch ſo loſt, a wretch ſo vile as I!
But leſt his feet in ſad deſpair ſhould ſink,
Grace to his view preſents a pardoning God;
A bleeding Jeſus, full of heav'nly love,
And ſweet compaſſion beaming in his eyes,
Upon a throne of love, and to his feet,
Grace brings him as an humble ſupplicant,
Imploring mercy, while contrition ſweet
Diſſolves his heart, and penitential tears
Flow down his cheeks, and wreſtle hard with God.
For, lo! he prayeth, and, with kind regard,
His Father heard his pray'r, and ſaw his grief;
And haſtens with complacence infinite,
To ſeal his pardon, to beſtow his peace,
And welcome the returning prodigal
To all the bleſſings heav'n can beſtow
In time; and then when time ſhall be no more,
But vaſt eternity for ever reign.

Thus all victorious Grace her triumph ſpread.
But ſee! in SYREN's breaſt fell rage ariſe,
From diſappointment ſprung, her empire fall'n,
Her rites neglected, and herſelf abhorr'd,

By him ſo late with her curs'd fetters bound;
The all-devoted vaſſal of her will.
This pains her haughty heart, and in her cheeks,
Shame and malicious indignation glow;
But practic'd deep in fraudful myſteries,
She ſmooths her frowning brow, conceals her rage,
In pleaſing ſmiles of deep hypocriſy,
And flies with haſte to ſeek the happy youth:
If haply with her ſoft deluſive tongue,
She may again attract his ear, again
Delude his heart, and lead him ſtill aſtray.
She ſought not long, for in the flow'ry mead
HENRY walk'd forth to taſte the balmy ſweets
Of the cool ev'ning's mild refreſhing air;
And like the Patriarch of old, to ſpend
In meditation ſweet, the ſilent hours,
Recluſe, in holy converſe with his God;
Soon ſhe eſpied him, and with aſpect fair,
And flatt'ring words, ſhe thus addreſs'd his ear.

SYREN.

Thou darling of my heart, with longing eye
I've ſought thee long; and when I ſaw thee nigh,
Tumultous joys aroſe within my breaſt,
Joys too extatic far to be expreſs'd:
Thy abſence fill'd my mind with anxious care,
Nor can I, HENRY, thy leaſt abſence bear.
Ah! why haſt thou unkindly made me prove,
The pangs that ever wait on ſlighted love.

HENRY.

Avaunt, thou hateful forc'reſs from my ſight,
To thine own place, the diſmal ſhades of night.

SYREN

SYREN.

Ah! can thy lips ſuch cruel words declare,
Thy lips which oft' to me did homage ſwear?
And can thy heart inconſtant prove, and be
Falſe to thy ſolemn vows, and falſe to me?
Why have thy feet forſaken my abode?
Have my commands, all pleaſant, proved a load?
Did I e'er chide? Did not my hands beſtow
All thy unbounded wiſh could graſp below?
I led thy feet in chearful dances round,
With roſy chaplets I thy temples crown'd:
I ſtill thy table ſpread with viands rare,
And daily fed thee with delicious fare.
My gifts I ſuited to thy ev'ry pow'r,
And multiplied thy pleaſures ev'ry hour:
And wilt thou, can'ſt thou, thus ungrateful prove!
Ah! HENRY! do not thus repay my love.

HENRY.

How could my heart ſo vain and fooliſh be,
Ere to be cheated and beguil'd by thee;
True, I was late thy ſlave in bondage held,
And 'gainſt the King of heav'n I rebell'd;
Lur'd by thy voice I wander'd far aſtray,
In devious paths, far from the peaceful way
Of life and happineſs. O wond'rous Grace!
That heav'n ſhould e'er compaſſionate my caſe,
And bring a wand'rer back by pow'r divine.
No longer then, O SYREN! am I thine;
Lo! I renounce thy love, thy charms deteſt,
And drive thee, fell deceiver from my breaſt.
I yield myſelf to him whoſe boundleſs love,
Snatch'd me from ruin, to be bleſs'd above:

His air I breath, 'tis by his pow'r I live,
'Tis juſt that I myſelf to him ſhould give:
He paid a mighty ſum, to ſet me free
From thy ſad chains, yea, gave himſelf for me.
Now by his love o'ercome, I lowly bow,
And with fix'd heart to him allegiance vow.
Thy joys are falſe, thy pleaſures all impure,
But Jeſus' holy peace ſhall ſtill endure;
When time decays, no end his pleaſures know,
But ever riſe and ever overflow.
Then plead no more, my happy choice is this,
A crown of glory and eternal bliſs.

A I R.

Hence! flatt'ring world, I bid adieu
To all thy ſplendid toys;
A nobler prize I muſt purſue,
And ſeek ſublimer joys.

II.

Up to the place where Jeſus reigns,
I raiſe my wiſhes high;
My ſoul ſublunar bliſs diſdains,
And graſps eternity.

S Y R E N.

Since all in vain I plead, I'll plead no more,
But on thy head my mighty vengeance pour;
Dream not of bliſs, I'll ſpoil thy pleaſing views,
Since all my kindeſt offers you refuſe.
My ſmiles reject, I'll with an awful frown,
Bring all your high-raiſed expectations down;
Not joy, but ſad anxiety and woe,
Shall ſtill attend thee, while thou dwell'ſt below:

I'll

I'll ſummon all my pow'rs, and thou ſhalt ſee,
They're ſtrong, to execute what I decree.
Reproach, with all her tongues ſhall blot thy name,
And ſpread calumnious falſhoods o'er thy fame;
Contempt and ſcorn twin ſiſters ſhall agree,
Where e'er thou goeſt, to meet thy infamy.
Penurious want ſhall ſtare thee in the face,
And to the utmoſt try thy boaſted grace;
For to foul rapine, I'll thy ſubſtance give,
And thou deſpis'd in indigence ſhall live,
And ſpend thy mournful days in ſad diſtreſs,
Stranger to joy, ſtranger to happineſs.
When for repoſe thou ſueſt the ſhades of night,
Viſions terrific ſhall thee ſore affright:
In dreams I'll ſcare thee, ſtill attend thy bed,
And pour my utmoſt vengeance on thy head.
I'll call my blood-hounds, they ſhall run thee down,
And thou ſhalt feel the weight of SYREN's frown:
They hate thy King and thee: ſay, at a ſtake,
Can'ſt thou in flames expire for Jeſus' ſake?

HENRY.

Think not thy feeble threats my ſoul alarms;
No! I ſecurely reſt in Jeſus' arms:
He reigns above, exalted King of kings,
And I beneath the ſhadow of his wings
Shall dwell ſecure: thou can'ſt not work me woe;
My bleſſings from the Rock of ages flow.
As to the Sea, his awful mandate came,
Old Ocean heard, and ſtill obeys the ſame.
So, by his pow'r, thy malice he'll reſtrain,
And thou ſhalt boaſt, and threat, and rage in vain.
But ſay he ſhould permit thy pow'r to try,
And ſo prepare me for a ſeat on high;

To his high will ſubmis' I'll bear his croſs,
And count my earthly all but dung and droſs;
Low at his feet I lay it, and reſign
To Wiſdom infinite, and love divine;
My feeble mind he will with ſtrength endue,
There's all-ſufficient Grace to bring me thro';
Nor fire, nor water, earth nor hell, ſhall part
His love from me, ſo faithful is his heart.
I'll truſt him then, and let what will betide,
He will deliver, ſince for me he died.

So ſpake the youth, and at his gracious choice,
Heav'n ſmil'd propitious. SYREN, all enrag'd
And big with malice, further ſpeech diſdain'd,
And haſted to revolve her dire intents;
And leagu'd with hell, her dark deſigns contrive;
While HENRY, fill'd with holy confidence,
Commits his all to his Redeemer's hands;
And on he goes, rejoicing in his God.
With God his ſhield, he fears not hoſts of foes:
With God his anchor, rides the ſtorm ſecure.
Peace flows within his breaſt, and Grace divine,
Sways there her pow'rful ſceptre, guides him right,
While in the wilderneſs he journies on,
To that good land, the promis'd happy ſhore,
Where Jeſus and his ſaints for ever reign.

THE END.

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